Looke on Maſter *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night, Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qu. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her; I will doe what I can for them all three, for ſo *I* haue promiſed, and ile be as good as my word; but ſpecioufly for Maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe I* ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giuen them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted mee into the Riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that *I* haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, *I* ſhould downe. *I* had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow; a death that *I* abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould *I* haue beene, when *I* had beene ſwel'd? *I* ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if *I* had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar.